VOL. 55 NO. 1401 AUGUST 22 1908 PRICE 10 CENTS.

PUBLIC LIBRARY Portland, Me.

Judge

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter. Copyright 1908 by Judge Company. Title Registered as a Trade Mark.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

AND THEY HANDED OUT A LEMON.

Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

Burges Johnson, Editor. Grant Hamilton, Art Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 52 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.50 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

The contents of JUDGE are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain.

CONTRIBUTORS must inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with all manuscripts, otherwise return of the latter when found unavailable cannot be guaranteed.

If JUDGE cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers will be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported on postal-card or by letter.

All requests for changes of address should be accompanied by the old address to facilitate the correction.

OMENS.

ACTING Secretary of the Treasury Winthrop (of Boston) recently suspended the internal-revenue tax on Porto Rican bay rum for the benefit of Massachusetts importers. There is much in this fact for mournful meditation. In the old days, when the sturdy stock of New England were building new States to the westward and opening new marts of trade with their dauntless merchant ships, the importers of Boston brought in cargoes of rum—New England rum—from the West Indies. But in these effete days, when New Bedford wharves lie idle, and Boston deals more in esoteric creeds than in sturdy pioneers, her few ships are bringing from the Indies—alas!—what? Cask upon cask of toilet water. Which is cause and which effect? We had best leave the discussion of that question to some of the stump speakers in the coming campaign.

KINDRED PURSUITS.

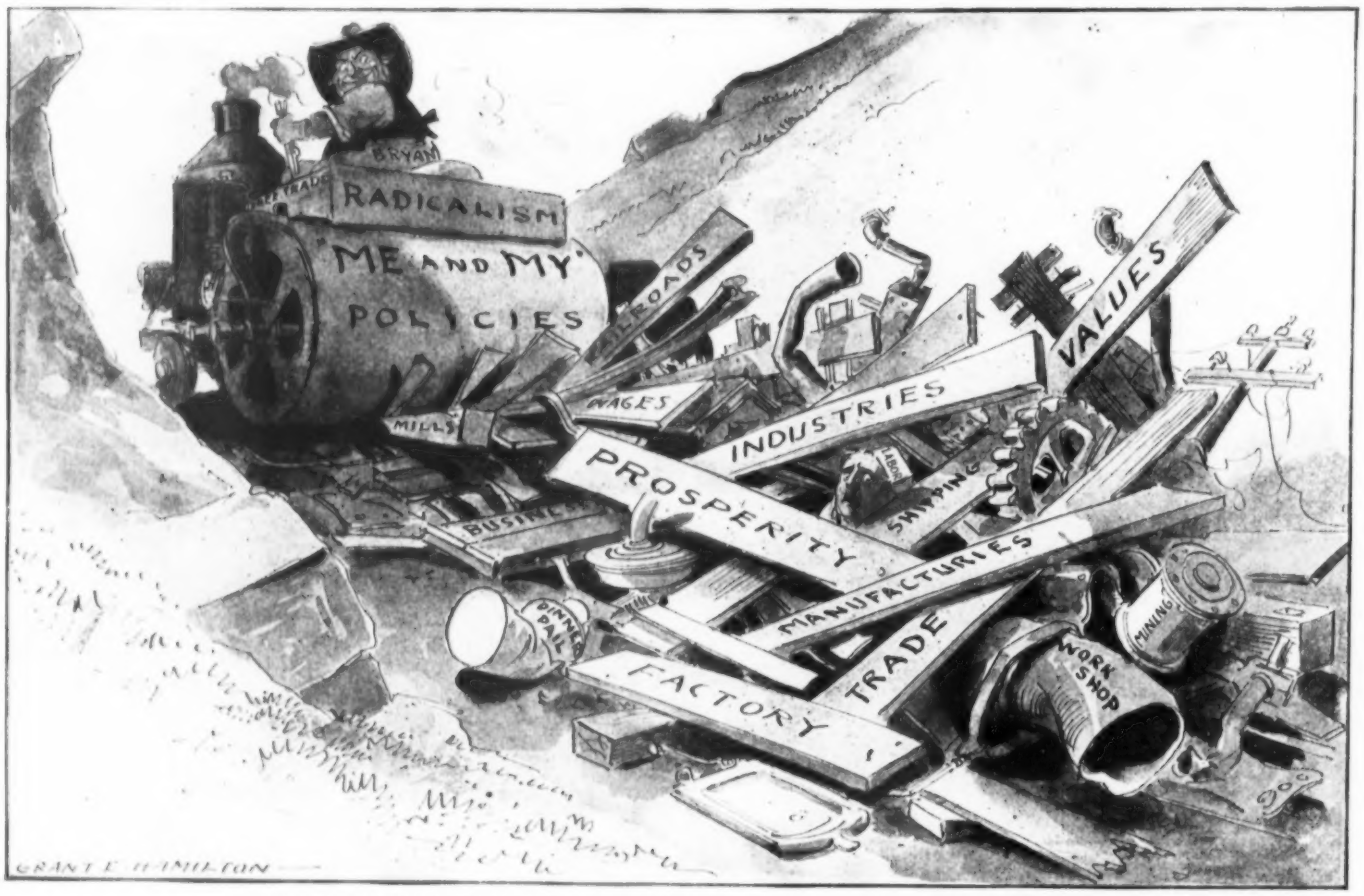
POSTMASTER-GENERAL MEYER has proved himself a good fisherman. With this fact in mind, we predict that he will go further still in political achievement. Not that we are superstitious; we have no list of fisherman-politicians in mind. But there is good reason to believe that the man who goes in for politics and fishing at the same time will learn much from the latter to aid him in the former pursuit, both of practical hints and habits of mind.

. . .

HUGHES says that he will run again for Governor of New York State if such be the will of the people. Perhaps he is chuckling grimly under that facial disguise of his. He knows, and we all know, that the simple and unadorned will of the people demands his renomination, but that the popular will, when sifted and strained through the sieve of machine politics, may be given a very different complexion. The machine does not want Hughes. We do. It will be interesting to see in what fashion these two desires are brought into harmony. The Governor's early announcement of his candidacy is a great embarrassment to the politicians.

. . .

ANOTHER record has been broken in speed of excavation for the Panama Canal. When the job is accomplished, in a year or two, is there no way by which New York can secure Colonel Goethal's services as superintendent of all excavating work in the city streets?



AND THE ROLLER MAN WILL GIT YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

AN ENTERPRISING AGENT.

"NOW, sir," said the agent, "I am sure I have got what you want. Now here is a new patent paper cutter, sir, that I am selling for twenty-five cents. It is the best in the market, never tears the pages of an uncut book"——

"Very nice, indeed," interrupted his victim; "but I have no uncut books, and so"——

"I suspected that, sir," returned the agent. "That's why I have brought along this beautiful, uncut copy of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' Three hundred pages of elevating reading, embellished with beautiful pictures. Just the thing for a centre-table in this superb binding"——

"I haven't got a centre-table," said the victim; "so you see"——

"Fine!" said the agent. "Let me show you the catalogue of our company's furniture. It is all of the very best make, and a centre-table like that in the picture on page twenty-two will prove an ornament in your parlor"——

"But I haven't any parlor—I have no house, my friend. Consequently"——

"Glorious!" cried the agent. "I represent the Own Your Own Home Company of"——

"Oh, thunder!" said the victim. "Here's your quarter. I'll take a paper cutter."

GRAY'S ELEGY.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

FULL many a gem of purest ray
Is born to blush unseen;
Full many a flower that smiles to-day,
Full many a leaf that's green,
Will never make the dreamer pause,
Nor his fond gaze entrance,
Because—why, can't you see?—because
It never had no chance.

Full many a brave Demosthenes,
Full many a Cromwell bold,
Full many a Milton—more the cheese
Than e'er was John of old—
Are sitting 'round the country store,
A-wearing out their pants,
Because—as hinted heretofore—
They never had no chance.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

FOR THE SALVATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

A TRIFLE UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

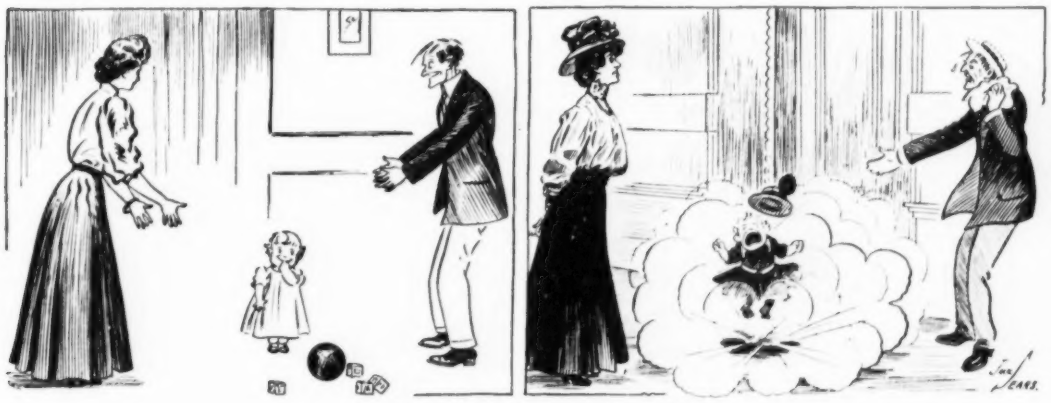
"SAY, that air young Bill Binks ain't overly bright, be he?"

"Wa-al, I cal'late if Bill had jest a leetle more sense ye might call him half-witted."

DEFINITION.

Bobby—"Pa, what's a press censor?"

Pa—"He's a man who knows more than he thinks other people should."



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mother—"Hear him! He says 'mamma.'"

Father—"Oh, no! He says he wants to come to papa."

Mother—"He wants you! There, there! he says he wants papa."

Father—"Confound it! can't you hear him saying he wants mamma?"

ONE KIND OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

HERE lies our wife, Samantha Proctor,
Who ketched a cold and wouldn't doctor.
She could not stay, she had to go—
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.
GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, PRIMA DONNA.

All your dancing and your songing
Make a blase world rejoice;
For Broadway waits with longing
For the music of your voice.

NOTES FROM THE BASSWOOD *BUGLE*.

THEM foreign noblemen must be a tough lot. We see that an indictment has been issued down to New York that has got twenty counts in it.

The Basswood Corners Silver Cornet Band gave a concert on Main Street last Thursday evenin' free gratis for nothin', but nobody heard it, as everybody was down to the railrud depot to see the eight-fifteen come in, and she was an hour late.

Hod Peters fell down stairs last Wednesday, and broke three ribs and seven commandments.

A drummer from New York was in our midst the other day, seliin' goods. We haven't heard whether he is a bass or snare drummer. Miss Amy Stubbs, our milliner, says every drummer is a delusion and a snare.

Grandpa Bibbins went to church in the rain last Sunday, and is now at home, sufferin' from inflammatory religion.

Mrs. Hi Huggins has taken in washin' by the day or week so long that Hi has been able to save up enough soap wrappers to get a good, double-jointed, bamboo fishin' rod.

Last week we inserted an adv. in our lost-and-found colume to the effect that the galoot who stole an umbreller at the meetin'-house lecture the night before had better bring it to the *Bugle* office or be prosecuted. Fifteen cords of umbrellers have been throwed into our back yard since that time, and they are still comin'.

Hank Tumms is gettin' to be quite a successful author. He has had two recommendations for Curemall and three for Binks's Tonic accepted within a month. Hank says the road to literary fame is some arduous, but he expects to remain on top as long as folks continue to make patent medicine.

Elmer Spink is gettin' quite well acquainted down to New York. He can call three bartenders by their first name. He asked a policeman where the Battery was the other day, and the policeman told him it was out to the ball ground.

ROY K. MOULTON.

NO DEMAND.

Motorist (entering country store)—"I don't suppose you keep sparking-plugs in stock?"

Storekeeper—"You s'pose kerrect, mister. If any uv the boys 'round these parts ever wore plugs when they went sparkin' they'd be joshed clear crazy, I'll wager!"

FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)—"What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions?"

Patient (feebly)—"Yes, doctor."

Doctor—"Been eating animal food right along, have you?"

Patient (grimly trying to smile)—"Well, doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the hay and the clover tops all right; but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up."

SURE WEATHER PROPHETS.

Seaver—"I wish those city folks would hurry up and have another picnic."

Weaver—"By heck! if they don't the country 'll all dry up. We need rain."

A HIRED MAN.

Hewitt—"I am terribly sorry for you, old boy. I hear that a man ran away with your wife the other day."

Jewett—"I am glad you spoke of it. It makes me think that I've got to send him a check."

THE APPAREL "OFF" PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

1.

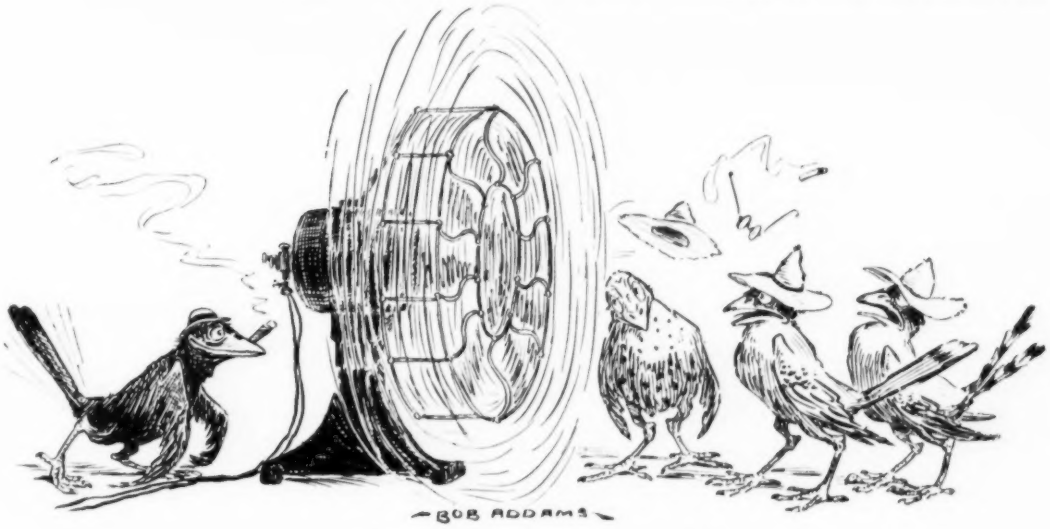
2.

3.

4.

A DIAMOND PLOT.

Possible purchaser—"But what makes these lots so high-priced?"
Isaacs—"Vell, mine friendt, dey vas all diamondt-shape, und much more attracdive und oxpensive."



STRANGE SIGHTS OF THE CITY.

Farmer bird—"Gosh all hemlock! thet's the spryest squirrel I ever saw."

A LITTLE HOME TALK.

"WILLIE?"

"Yes'm.'

"Have you been in swimming?"

"No'm."

"How did your shirt get so wet?"

"I perspirated on it—honest, I did."

"What?"

"Yes'm. That's what done it. I run so fast to get away from where I would be tempted to disobey you that I got all wet with sweat."

"Willie?"

"Yes'm."

"Come here."

"Yes'm."

HER ROUGHING OUTFIT.

WITH our prying X-ray,
In her grip we discern
The latest French play,
A cure for sunburn,
Some open-work socks,
Some chocolate creams,
A Japanese box
Of gloves that are dreams,
Collections unique
Of puff-balls and lace—
She will rough it a week
At a camping-out place.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

IT WAS A 1905 MODEL.

Driver—"What's the matter?"
Constable—"You are under arrest for cruelty to automobiles. You have no right to overload a poor old machine like that.

THE HANDICAP.

"AH, PROFESSOR, I am completely discouraged, all out of heart." And the youth with the high forehead slumped down on a hard-bottomed chair and stared moodily out of the window.

"Discouraged? out of heart?" echoed the professor, looking up with an incredulous, indignant frown on his thin face. "Why, my dear sir, are you not aware that 'slow and steady wins the race'?"

"I am," answered the young man sadly.

"Do you not know that all, practically all, great men were plodders—men who had to fight their way inch by inch? Do you not know that the notable successes in life have been made by those who were naturally dull?"

"I do."

"It is the brilliant ones that fail—the ones to whom learning comes easily. Where are the valedictorians of other days? Statistics prove that those who were expected to make their dollar mark on the earth never even made a cent."

"I have heard that," said the young man gloomily.

"Then why be discouraged, why be downhearted? Why not persevere as did Demosthe"——

"Simply, professor," broke in the young man, "because I am one of the bright ones."

The professor's jaw dropped, and he stared at the young man over his glasses. Then a sad smile of fellowship broke over his face and he came forward and offered his hand. "I, too, was one of the bright ones," he said, with a sigh. "That is why I have never been president of this university."

WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

Adrian Absyntheface—"Maud, I want you to put this under your pillow to-night and dream of me. Will you?"

Maud—"Well, that depends upon what I eat before going to bed."

UP IN MILLINERY.

Calf (startled by wild-west runaway)—"Oh, ma! pipe the cow with the '*Merry Widow*' horns!"

HE KNEW.

"DO you know that I got an awful fright the day I was married?" said Jones.

"Yes; I know you did," replied Robinson. "I was right there in the front pew and got a good look."

INFANT PHILOSOPHY.

THERE was a young boy known as Bill,
Who ate till he made himself ill.
When his mother said "Why?"
He replied with a sigh,
"It's dreadful how quickly I fill!"

"WHY do they call those new skirts directoire?"

"French for 'directory,' I am told."

"Well?"

"Chief points of interest shown at a glance."

POETS ARE BORN.

Sharpless—"You must have been born to be such a popular writer."

Fledgely—"Ah, you have seen some of the things I have turned out?"

Sharpless—"No; I was only thinking what a splendid ear you have for carrying a pen."

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"GOODNESS, mammy, what a funny name for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him 'Prescription'?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gittin' him filled."

ARTIFICIAL.

First fish—"What killed your poor brother?"

Second fish—"He ate a predigested fly."

YOU'RE NEXT.

Kid—"Say, mister, ain't it about time yer t'rowed away dat butt?"

Leisure Lawson—"Sorry, me boy—very, very sorry, I assure you; but I just picked it up myself, don't-chew-know."

COME HOME, FATHER.

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock on the dashboard strikes *one!*
Don't fuss with the car any longer, pupah,
You can't get the old tub to run!
The cylinder's cracked and the timer won't work,
And mother's been waiting since tea,
So tether the car to a post, father dear,
And come home on the trolley with me!
Come home, come home"—etc.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The speed-meter clock's striking *two!*
The night has grown colder, the rear tire's flat
And mamma may fret about you.
The cam-shaft is twisted, the pump's out of gear;
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
Ma may grow real angry and want a divorce—
Come quickly, or she may be gone!
Come home, come home"—etc.

"Father, dear father, fly home with me now,
The clock's striking *three*—it's struck out!
Don't fool any more with magneto and coil;
The wires have grounded no doubt!"
The child's plea was answered—the answer was short,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
The gas-tank exploded—some noise and some smoke,
And father and daughter blew home!
"We're home, we're home!"—etc.

M. WORTH COLWELL.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

A CERTAINTY.

Card sharp—"I tell you I don't believe that there is a king in this deck."

Countryman—"I know darn well there ain't! You got two of 'em in your sleeve and I got the other two in my bootleg."

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ANIMAL LAND.

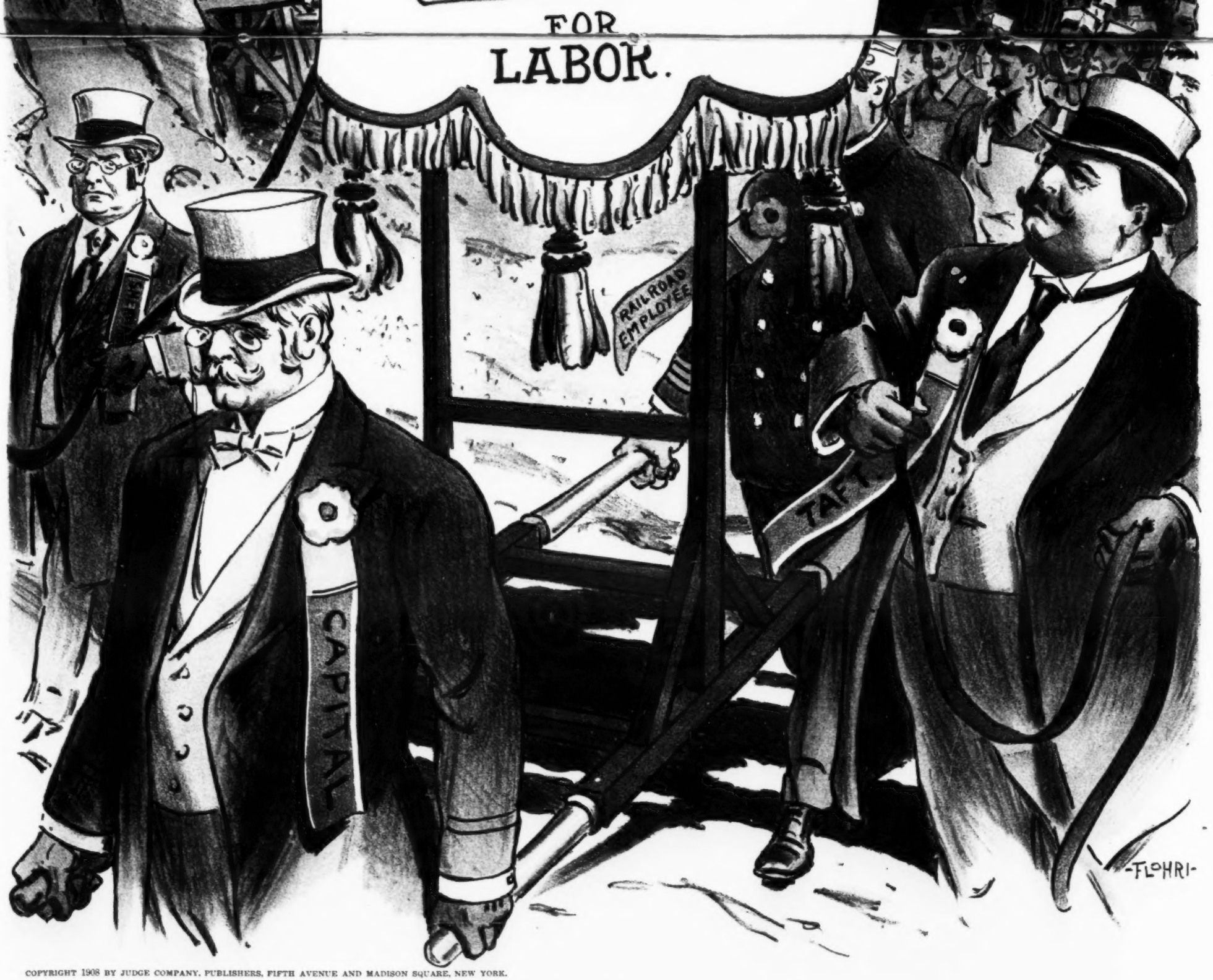
Jimmy Monk—"Aw, come on in! It's only *so* deep, and perfectly safe. I can't swim, either."

Jimmy Monk (as Willie Hippo jumps into pool)—"Help! Gurgle, splosh! Glub, blub! Help! it's over my head!"

HE WAS JUST "SHOWING" HIM.

Little Isaac—"I thought you said ven I came to New York dat you vould 'show me a good time'?"
Uncle Abraham—"Vell, don'd you see it?"

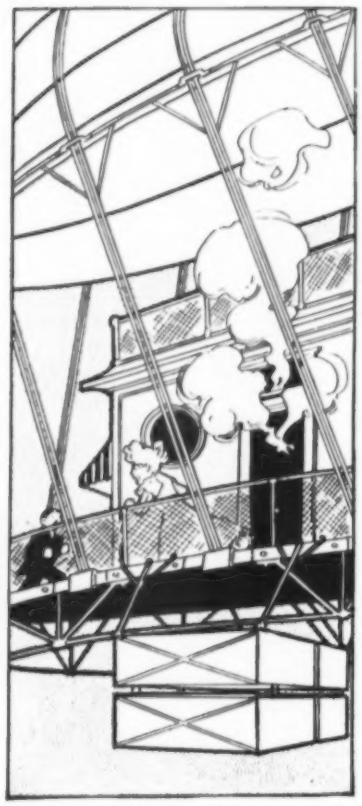
ULL
DINNER
AIL
A·SQUARE·DEAL·FOR·THE·RAILROADS
MEANS
A
FULL PAY
ENVELOPE
FOR
LABOR



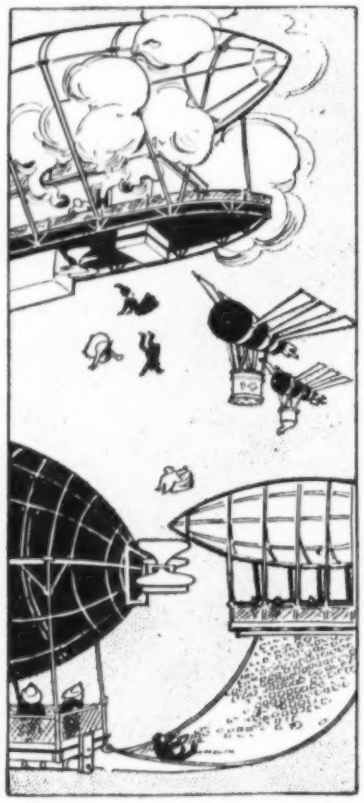
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A SQUARE-DEAL BANNER.

THE ILLUSTRATED MORNING PRESS IN 1950.



1. Fire was discovered this a. m. in the aerial residence of Mr. James J. Jones. Mr. Jones and family were at first in great peril——



2. ——but were rescued by the timely arrival of the life-net, which was soon followed by——

3. ——a terrific explosion.

4. The news soon spread——

5. ——and the wreckage, falling into the park, caused intense excitement and——

6. ——inconvenience to the spectators. The loss was totally covered by insurance.

"FALSE ECONOMY."

THERE once was a niggardly raven
Who shaved his own face to be savin';
But it made him so sore
That he said, "Nevermore!
To the barber's I'll go to get shaven."

LET US HOPE SO.

Knicker—"Taft has a sense of humor."

Bocker—"Perhaps that might keep him from making the Sylph his yacht."

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK

NOTHING DOING IN REAL ESTATE.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
O'er lots and lots of Promised Land,
Which I can never buy.

FIENDISH.

Miss Passe—"I wonder what he meant when he said my teeth were like stars?"

Her friend—"I think I see his point. Don't your teeth come out at night?"

HIS RIVAL WORE WHISKERS.

He—"So I beat out my rival by a close shave, did I, dear?"

She—"Yes, sweetheart; and, speaking of the 'close shave,' your 'Gillette' was responsible for it."

IN THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

"What we want," said the campaign manager, "is your assistance in making the ticket popular."

"I understand," answered the vice-presidential candidate. "I have spent years in building up this little popularity enterprise, and now I've got to be absorbed by the big interests."—*Washington Star.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters adds greatly to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"I understand, sir, that you are the possessor of a swollen fortune."

"Well," gruffly answered the beautiful girl's father, "what is that to you?"

"I merely thought that I would give you due notice of my intention to help take the swelling out of it. Myrtle and I are going to be married."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

DIPLOMACY.

Tom (six a. m. in barrack-room)—"Have you seen my boots, Bill?"

Bill—"No. What makes you think I've seen 'em?"

Tom—"Well, I heard you singing last night, and I thought some one might have shot 'em at you."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

For Picnics,
For Fishing,
For Golfing,
For Camping,
For Yachting,
For Tramping,
For Motoring,

Evans' Ale

THE GREAT WONDER.

At a country fair a man went up to a tent where some elk were on exhibition, and stared wistfully up at the signboard.

"I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children."

The keeper stared at him in astonishment.

"Are all those your children?" he gasped.

"Every one," said the man.

"You wait a minute," said the keeper. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you all."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

GOD SAVE THE KING!

In a certain small village there were two butchers who were sausage dealers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling per pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

No. 1 then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling per pound could not be guaranteed.

No. 2's response to this was the announcement, "I have supplied sausages to the King."

This might have been regarded as the last word, but it wasn't. In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words, "God Save the King."—*Ex.*

GLAD HE STOPPED PRAYING.

Little Bob, who for some months had invariably ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterward he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see twin boys, who had arrived during the night. Bob looked at the two babies critically, and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying, or there'd been three of them."—*Exchange.*

CANNIBALISM.

I picked up a popular novel,
Which I thought was some frivolous skit;
I was looking for something light-mannered
And gentle, to cheer me a bit.

But I shuddered to find that the hero
Was a cannibal chief in disguise;
For I read, "When Marjorie entered
He devoured her with his eyes."
—*Nashville Tennesseean.*

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK

IN THE FRET AND SWELTER
OF SUMMER HEAT

and its consequent depression, exhaustion, prostration,

HUNTER RYE

THE FAMOUS, FAULTLESS, FAVORITE WHISKEY
is a superior tonical stimulant.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

AVOIDING THE RUSH.

A Mormon's wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."—*Everybody's.*

NAMING HIM.

"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, son."—*Houston Post.*

USELESS ALONE.

"Are you going to spend the summer at the seashore?"

"No; I fear I wouldn't enjoy myself."

"Why not?"

"Well, I haven't anything to spend but the summer."—*Nashville American.*

By James Montgomery Flagg

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

ANOTHER
BRIDGE SCANDAL

Photogravure in sepia, 11 x 19
75 cents

¶ Send 8 cents for our illustrated catalogue of beautiful prints : : : :

Quality
Pictures

By James Montgomery Flagg

Copyright, 1906, by Judge Co.

HOLDING HANDS

Photogravure in sepia, 14 x 19
75 cents

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Trade supplied by the Anderson Publishing Company, 801 Third Avenue, New York.

What is a square meal for a woman wouldn't make a free lunch with a glass of beer for a man in a barroom.—*Ex.*

Would You Marry If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. B. F. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

ECZEMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. International Co., 1123 Broadway, New York.

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

IT NEVER FAILS.

You're solus in the flat,
And it befalls,
No neighbor comes to chat;
You have no calls.

You think you'll take a bath.
Discard your things,
Whereat, unto your wrath,
The doorbell rings.

Into that tub in woe
You wildly flop,
The unknown will not go,
His clamor stop.

At last, perturbed in mind,
Your clothes you don,
Go to the door and find
Your caller gone.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters on sliced oranges makes a delectable dish.

FAME.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral."

"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable c'os 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.—*Cassell's Journal.*

AN OLD BABY.

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and faultfinding. At length he became unendurable.

"You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled.

"Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—*M. A. P.*

MOST INSULTING.

Mrs. Nuritch—"I told Widow Downes to send her boy to you and you'd give him a position"——

Mr. Nuritch—"Well, I didn't give him no position. He came with a note from her an' she said in the note: 'I must find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her callin' me 'a mere pittance!'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

ON THE RIALTO.

"It'll be tough to hafter go back to the chorus this fall," declared Tota Spear.

"I should say so," assented Yorick Hamm, "after starring all summer in the press notices."—*Kansas City Journal.*

SPIRITS ON BOTH SIDES.

"How spirituelle she seems!"

"No wonder. Her mother was a medium and her father was a chronic tippler."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

By F. Y. Cory.

Copyright, Judge Co., 1907.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Photogelatine in sepia, 8 x 11.
25 cents.

JUDGE COMPANY
225 Fifth Ave. New York

THE UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

Trade supplied by the Anderson Publishing Company, 301 Third Avenue, New York.

One Hundred and Fifty House Plans

For $1.00

PALLISER'S UP-TO-DATE HOUSE PLANS

By GEORGE A. PALLISER.

WE have just published a new book, with above title, containing 150 up-to-date plans of houses, costing from $500 to $18,000, which anyone thinking of building a house should have if they wish to save money and also get the latest and best ideas of a practical architect and eminent designer and writer on common-sense, practical and convenient dwelling houses for industrial Americans, homes for co-operative builders, investors and everybody desiring to build, own or live in Model Homes of low and medium cost. These plans are not old plans, but every one is up-to-date, and if you are thinking of building a house you will save many times the cost of this book by getting it and studying up the designs. We are certain you will find something in it which will suit you. It also gives prices of working plans at about one-half the regular prices, and many hints and helps to all who desire to build. 160 large octavo pages. Price, paper cover, $1.00; bound in cloth, $1.50. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price.

Address all orders with remittances to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Remit by money order or check---don't send currency.

Ask For
DAWSON'S
SCOTCH
The Two Great Whiskies Sold Everywhere
COMBER
IRISH
The Waldorf-Astoria Importation Co.
New York Chicago

ORDER WHAT YOU WANT.

Diner—"Here, waiter! this egg isn't half cooked."

The waiter—"Well, you didn't want it half cooked, did you?"—*Exchange.*

Pears'

The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.

For goodness sake use Pears'.

Sold in America and elsewhere.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

NEW AMSTERDAM HOTEL
4th Ave. and 21st St., New York

European Plan
Rooms with use of Bath $1.00 and up. With Private Bath $2.00 for one, $2.50 for two and upward.
NEW BATHS and PLUMBING
Most Convenient Location in City
From 23rd Street railroad ferries or from Grand Central Station, take cars direct to hotel; no transfers.
SPECIAL RATES MADE

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS
SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY
Each capsule bears the name "MIDY"
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

NOT A MIRACLE.

In a provincial town two curates lodged together. One day one of them was returning home after a round of parochial calls, and encountered a beggar woman in the street.

The poor creature asked the good man for alms, but, as he knew that he had left his purse at home, he told her that he could not help her.

"Oh, please, sir," pleaded the woman, "just see if you haven't a stray copper in one of your pockets."

In order to satisfy her he searched, and, to his amazement, he discovered half a sovereign in his trousers pocket.

Thinking it must have been providentially secreted there for the special benefit of the beggar before him, he handed it to the woman, who, as may be imagined, invoked blessings upon his head.

When he reached home, however, he found, to his fellow lodger's chagrin, that he had been wearing the trousers of the latter!—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE CARDS ARE OUT.

"Ysobel, do you think you could learn to love me?"

"Learn to love you? Oh, Maltravers, I could give lessons in loving you."—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE WAS THE PARENTS.

Little Bertram had always longed for a live pet, but as he lived in an apartment building, he had to be satisfied with toy animals.

Later his parents moved to the country, and Bertram became the happy possessor of a kitten. He hugged it close and remarked, "At last, I am the parents of a living creature!"—*Ex.*

THE LARGEST GIVER.

I want to tell you of an inquiry of my little five-year-old Helen. She attends Sunday School regularly. Returning home one Sunday, she said:

"Mamma, every Sunday the man reads how much money each class gives, and then he tells how much Total gives, and Total gives more than any one. He must be a rich man. Who is Total, mamma?"—*Exchange.*

THE DISTINCTION.

Mrs. Gadder (reading an ad.)—"Shopping by mail! How ridiculous!"

Mrs. Ascum—"Why so?"

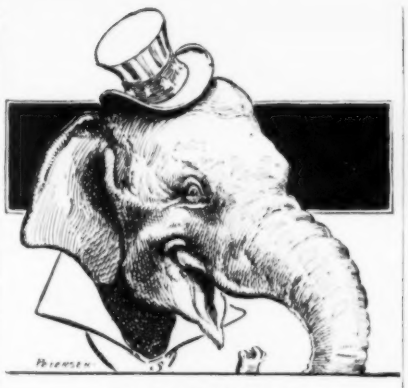
Mrs. Gadder—"Why, how can one shop by mail? You can only buy things by mail."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE LANDLORD'S FIX.

"I cannot live but a week longer wiz-out you!"

"Really, duke? Now how can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss; not I."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



THE BIG SMILE.

The G. O. P. Elephant laft.
"For President they named Billy Taft.
Hear the Dem. Donkey rant,"
Said this wise Elephant,
"'Cos the people for Taft have gone daft."

Just say to your Stuffed Teddy Bear,
"Go sit down; take a seat in the rear."
Get a Happy Taft Judge
That can laugh and say "Fudge!"
And a BIG SMILE you'll wear—all next year.

FREDERICK DROWNS.

THRIFT.

The Sunday-school teacher was possessed of the praiseworthy desire to promote thrift among the class of lads. He had given Bill and Johnny sixpence each for doing some work for him.

"I hope to hear, when we meet again," he said, "that you have used the money to advantage."

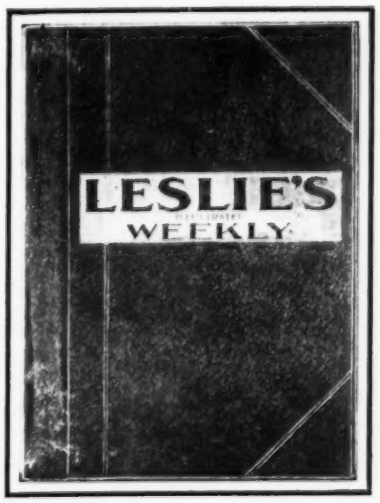
The next time they met, Bill produced two sixpences.

"Well done, my lad," said the delighted teacher; "I am pleased to see my lessons are having their fruits. But what of your sixpence, Johnny?" said he to the other hopeful.

"Please, sir, I lost it tossin' wi' Bill!"—*Ex.*

White flowers are Taft's favorites. He has the same taste in houses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.



The Best Illustrated History of 1908

Is a bound volume of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. We are offering our subscribers an excellent and very practical binder for only $1.50, postpaid. We also have a similar binder for JUDGE for $1.25, postpaid.

Each binder holds a year's subscription—52 numbers.

Address
The Judge Company
225 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

By Special Appointment To King Edward VII.
PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES
made their reputation over fifty years ago and have made good with particular smokers ever since.
CAMBRIDGE in boxes of ten 25c
AMBASSADOR the after-dinner size 35c

LOOKING AHEAD.

"I thought you had money enough for your dash to the pole."

"I have," replied the arctic explorer. "It's the expedition for my relief we're asking funds for now."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Best Bitter Liqueur
Underberg
The World's Best Bitters
The Tonic Cordial in favor throughout Europe for over sixty years. Enjoyable as a cocktail, and better for you.
Sold Everywhere.
LUYTIES BROTHERS, U. S. Agents, New York.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mr. Cumrox.

"What is that?"

"How mother and the girls can approve so heartily of my son-in-law's broken English, and be so terribly annoyed at my occasional mistakes in grammar."—*Washington Star.*

Collars and Cuffs
"BARKER BRAND"
MADE OF LINEN
1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 3/4 SIZES

HOTEL MARTINIQUE
BROADWAY AND 33D STREET, HERALD SQUARE, N. Y. CITY.
THE MOST CENTRAL LOCATION IN NEW YORK.
THE HIGHEST CLASS OF ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.
TRANSIENT RATES
Rooms . . . . . $2 a day and up
Rooms, with Bath . . . . . $3 a day and up
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath . . . . . $5 a day and up
Pre-eminent (among New York hotels) for the excellence of its service, cuisine and appointments. THE MARTINIQUE RESTAURANTS HAVE AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.
Same Management as St. Denis Hotel.

THE SNAKE (⌣⌒⌣) CURVE BALL.

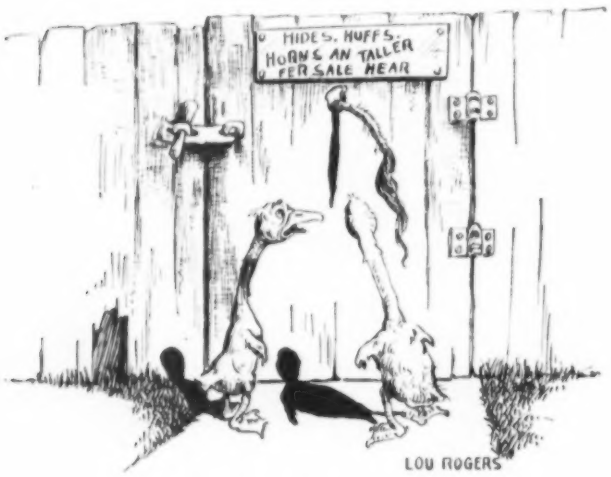
IN THE golden days of summer,
When with Skinny, Red, and Fat
On the pasture-lot of Homeville
You indulged in two-old-cat,
You remember—aye—the presence
Of that wizard 'mongst you all,
Who possessed the magic secret
Of the snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

'Tis the mastery of all things
Given boyhood, nothing less,
That enables him to sock 'em
Wriggling like the letter S;
While the eager batter flushes,
'Wildered by the mocking call,
"Aw, I fooled you! Aw, I fooled you!
That's a snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!"

See those fearsome, long contortions!
Hear the quick, triumphant shout,
Which apprises all newcomers,
"I can throw an in-an'-out!"
Tens of thousands, why your homage?
Clarkson or Waddell are small
When compared to freckled urchin
With his snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

You, no doubt, were that brave pitcher—
("Watch me make it do it!" "Gee!")
Spiting scoffers, baffling science.
("Can, too—can't I, Fat? Now, see!")
"Papa," "captain," "judge," "professor"—
Oft may honor's mantle fall,
But there's none like to the mantle
Of the snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

EDWIN L. SABIN.



THE MYSTERY OF A COW'S TAIL.

One little goose (to the other)—"Naow, haow do you suppose thet durned caow crawled through thet thar knot-hole?"

SHE GOT IT.

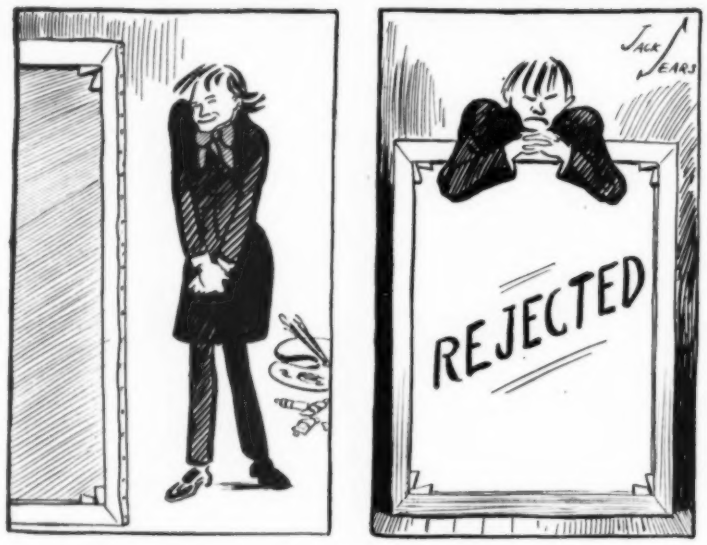
FOR one full minute his eyes were riveted on the full moon; then the cobwebs beneath his jaunty cap stirred and a new phrase slowly formed itself.

"Jocelyn, dearest," he murmured, "what would you rather have than a bushel of love?"

Her eyes wandered along the Milky Way; then, pausing, gazed dreamily at the moon.

"One little peck," she said.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.



HIS WEDDED WIFE.

"Never will I marry—I am wedded to my art. Art is my wife," he told his friends.

And his art mastered him.

PROMPTNESS.

THE Foozelem Insurance Company is noted for its promptness in settling claims. The last pulse-beat of an insurant is hardly sounded when the first hoof-beat heard on the threshold belongs to our agent coming to pay the claim.

This is on the dead level.

Die and see for yourself.

We give below a few testimonials.

We have millions more just like them. Come to the office and count them.

July 1st, 1908.

Gentlemen—My husband was insured in your company for $5,000. Last week he drowned himself. When they pulled him out of the water a Foozelem check for $5,000 was found in his back-pocket in settlement of the claim. Thanks.

July 13th, 1908.

Gentlemen—My better half was blown up in a mine. His beautiful architectural anatomy was scattered over five or six counties. His feet blew into the tenth story of a skyscraper and kicked out the office-boy. One of his hands was found twelve miles away tightly clutching a Foozelem check for $1,000, in settlement of a policy for that amount which he had in your company. It is believed that the check was given to the hand while it was being blown past the Foozelem Company's window of its downtown office.

June 23d, 1908.

Gentlemen—My hubby, who owns a Foozelem policy, was continually worrying about his gray hair. So he dyed. Your death-claims department immediately sent me a check for the amount of his policy. My husband wishes me to thank you.

F. P. PITZER.

LOVE is a sea skirted by long piers, out upon which young couples stroll to sit down and fall in.

NO DANGER.

"Ah know fo' positive fac' dey is paris green on dat melon."
"We don't eat de green; we eat de red."

A MERE ASSUMPTION.

A smart Irishman was leaning against a post when a funeral procession passed.

"Who's dead?" someone asked.

"I don't know," answered the Irishman, "but I presume it's the gentleman in the coffin." — *Tit-Bits.*

LUCKY TO GET AWAY.

First burglar—"Well, did yer get anyfink?"

Second burglar (disgustedly)—"Nah! the bloke wot lives 'ere is a lawyer."

First burglar—"That's 'ard luck. Did yer lose anyfink!"—*The Sketch.*

AN OVERSIGHT.

The youngster—"There's no doubt about it. I was cut out for an orator."

The old man—"Pity you were never made up."—*Illustrated Bits.*

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

"Whew! Isn't this weather the worst you ever saw?"

"No, sir. No weather is the worst I ever saw." *Philadelphia Press.*

When soup and gravy are smooth and rich and delightfully flavored, you may rest assured they were thickened with

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO CORN STARCH

Sixty-six Years of Superiority.

Two of America's most famous cooks, Janet M. Hill and Alice Cary Waterman, say that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is invaluable for improving the delicacy and palatability of the finest dishes. It stands first, highest, best; the most uniformly excellent corn starch on the market. Read what these two cooks say in

Original Recipes and Cooking Helps

Sent free on request.

Grocers, pound packages, 10c.

T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH COMPANY, SUCCESSORS

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"Is not your brother a jolly fellow? So full of spirits! He kissed me a moment ago under water."

"He *must* be full of spirits!"

COULD AFFORD THE BEST.

"What you need," declared the druggist, "is beef, wine, and iron."

"Tush, tush, my good man," interposed the customer peevishly, "you are talking to a millionaire. Have you no terrapin, champagne, and gold?" *Kansas City Journal.*

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK

NOT JUST THE ORDINARY KIND

The Whittier Inn

Sea Gate, New York Harbor

On the Ocean and near the City

Located in a Beautiful Residential Private Park

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

A refined, quiet, high-class hotel catering to people of discrimination. It appeals particularly to Automobilists. Easily accessible from Manhattan via Brooklyn Electrics; by hourly private boat to and from the Battery, N. Y., or by automobile via Ocean Parkway and other fine roads. Bus service. Excellent beach for bathing. Shower baths, dressing rooms, etc., in hotel. Tennis, rowing, sailing, etc. Three near-by cottages with hotel service afford exclusive accommodations. Booklet and rates upon application.

L. W. WHITTIER, Prop.

A Rare Book of Humor

Is a bound volume of JUDGE. The best binder on the market is the one we are sending our subscribers for $1.25. This amount includes all charges for postage, etc. Address

THE JUDGE CO.
225 Fifth Avenue New York

Anyway, if a man didn't spend all his money on his family he'd lose it some other way. — *N. Y. Press.*

MATERIAL PAYMENT ONLY.

Elizabeth's mother did not teach her little daughter much that she should have learned about religion, nor did the father.

The other day a guest said to the little girl, "Elizabeth, does your father say grace at the table?"

"What grace?" returned the girl innocently.

"Why, thanks for what you have to eat."

"Oh," replied Elizabeth, now enlightened. "We don't have to thank any one for what we have we always pay cash." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

TRAINING THE AUDIENCE.

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theatre in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

"DO NOT SMOKE.
REMEMBER THE IROQUOIS FIRE."

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

"DO NOT SPIT.
REMEMBER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD."

— *Everybody's.*

UNTAKEN, NOT PAID FOR.

Andy McTavish was "no feelin' weel," so he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico.

"Whuskey."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you give up whiskey and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap and in three steps reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice."

"Ahm no' takkin' it," snapped Andy, as he shut the door behind him. — *Calgary Herald.*

NO, INDEED.

"That's Miss Robinson who just left your house, isn't it?" asked the neighbor.

"That's my Aunt Carrie Robinson," replied the little girl.

"Your aunt, eh? On your mother's side?"

"No; she stands up for pa every time."

By Arthur E. Jameson.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19½.
One Dollar.
Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

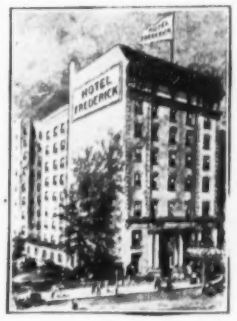
Trade supplied by the Anderson Publishing Company, 201 Third Avenue, New York.

A FIREPROOF HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS

HOTEL FREDERICK

Broadway at 56th Street
(Near Central Park)
NEW YORK CITY

AT MODERATE PRICES
Special Rates by the Month, Season or Year



ALL ROOMS LARGE AND AIRY
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

Situated in the best residential part of the city and convenient to all points of interest

J. HOFFER, Proprietor
Late of Hotel Cecil, London; Ghezireh Palace, Cairo; Galle Face Hotel, Ceylon, etc.

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

SMART JOHNNY SCARES THE TEDS AWAKE, AND FINDS HE MADE A GREAT MISTAKE.

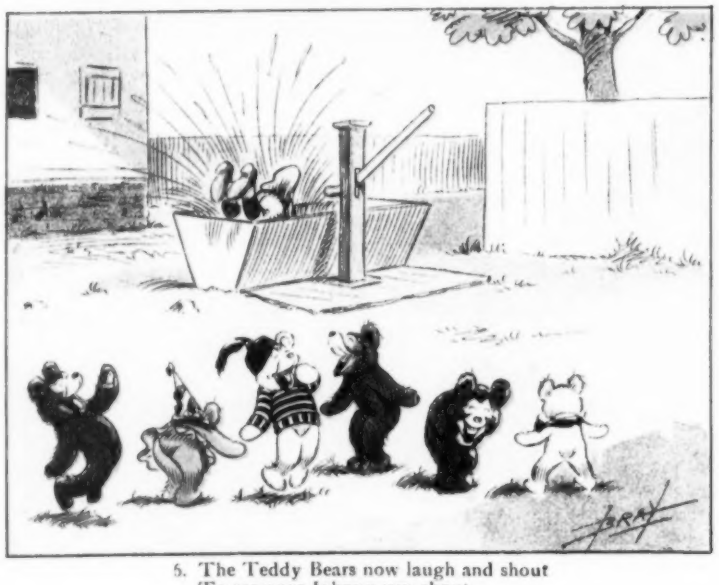
1. One sultry summer day the bears
Seek, 'neath a tree, some cooling airs.
They lie about and scarcely stir,
And long to shed their woolly fur.

2. But naughty John espies them resting,
And thinks it just the time for jesting.
He climbs, with megaphone in hand,
Upon a tree above the band.

3. Gr! Waugh-br! What is this they hear!
A huge growl at each Teddy's ear.
Thus rudely from their slumbers "woke,"
They spring about, nor guess the joke.

4. Then Johnny's wild ha-has resound.
The Teds gaze upward from the ground;
They see the boy and megaphone,
And recognize its awful tone.

5. But retribution now we see—
A wasps' nest, perched upon the tree,
Is broken by the laughing boy,
Waving his megaphone in joy.



6. The Teddy Bears now laugh and shout
To see poor Johnny run about,
Until at last, with leap and jump,
He drowns his troubles at the pump.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, New York.